

# Flower's Fate

In a spring fest amidst the frenzy,  
A hyacinth was seen smitten to the ground,  
Its carcass lay prostrate,  
People walked over it unknowingly.

A flower is a statement that nature's heart is opulent,  
To shower itself on its onlookers,  
It asks for nothing in return -  
Not even its memory.

The world tramples over many a flower,  
In the name of democracy and efficiency,  
The essence of life is always the least imperative -  
Progress is always favored.

In every life flowers bloom,  
But not everyone takes them specially,  
Many of them are marauded,  
Many are not even noticed.

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